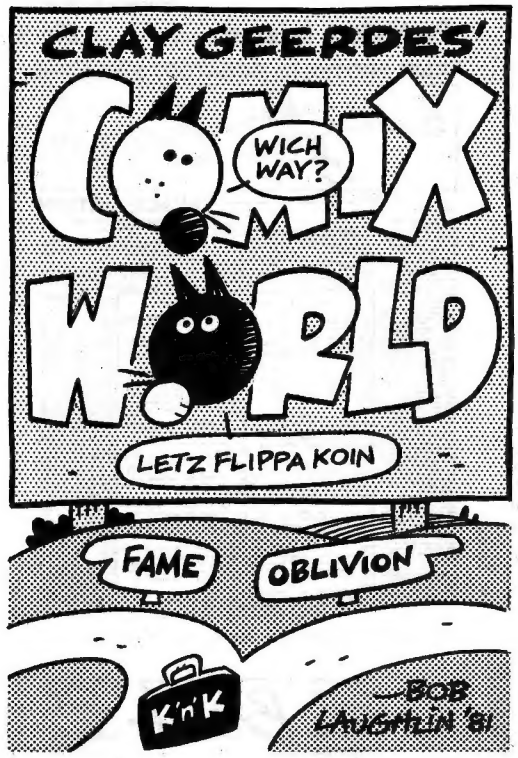
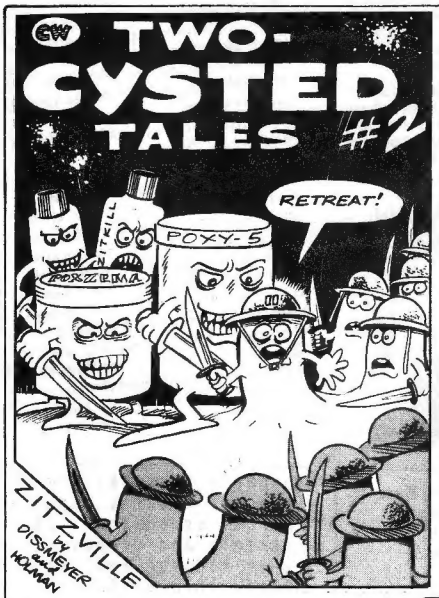


from her, 418 East 3rd Av., Roselle, N J 07203. From the list of minis in IJ, I'd say a lot of you have been in touch with her already.* A 28-page xerox comic from New York, Patrick Howe's BERNICE X & HER TELEPHONE. 545 Ea 5th St. NYC 10009. Write and ask if he has any for sale. No price given* It would be foolish for me to duplicate material which is going to appear in the Kennedy UNDERGROUND PRICE GUIDE, so I have decided to include all the material I have for THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE TO NEWAVE COMIX 2 in COMIX WAVE 5. Ads will go in this issue, too. The issue will be mailed to everyone on my mailing list (at the equivalent of two newsletters). It will go out either this month or January. I never mail in Dec.

-Clay Geerdes

THIS WHOLE SPREAD HERE IS BEING OUR PUBLISHING COMPANY!.. WE BUILT UP THIS OPERATION FROM SCRATCH!
PRETTY IMPRESSIVE!
YEAH! THIS WHOLE SCENE REALLY THRILLS ME BECAUSE DOING A BIG PUBLISHING FIRM IS MY FANTASY TO A T'S! I'M GONNA HAVE A LAYOUT LIKE THIS OF MY OWN SOMEDAY...
HA! I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT!
SO WHERE'S THIS BEING DUDE ANYWAYS? I DON'T SEE A BLOODY SOUL AROUND HERE!
BEATS ME! I THOUGHT WE WOULD'VE SEEN HIM BY NOW...
A!EEE! THE FLOOR IS OPENING UP UNDER US!
OH HELL! THIS COULD RUMPLE MY NEW SUIT!
VOOP!
BINKY AND WANDA PLUMMET THROUGH A STAINLESS STEEL TUBE...
YEOW! I'M BEING STRIPPED BY MECHANICAL ARMS!
D.I.M.P!

COMIX WORLD 184. November 10, 1981. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. Members may renew now for $11 (2 years). Rates go up January 1. Logo by Bob Laughlin, creator of Kitz 'n' Katz.* New UGS this month: PHOEBE AND THE PIGEON PEOPLE 3, AFTERSHOCK. SPIRIT 31. review shots next issue.* BIZARRE ESCAPADES 3, 75¢/stamp, Ben Adams, Rt 2, Box 27, Madelia, MN 56062.* 8-HOUR COMICS, Clark Dissmeyer, 10¢/stamp, 105 N Esther St., Fullerton, NE 68638* THE INSIPID SIX 1. John Howard. 50¢/stamp from Brad Foster, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75062.* Top right is a page from Steve Lafler's GUT$, a 24 page, B/W, full-size comic. Well-drawn funny stuff. 65¢/40¢ stamp from Steve, Box 982, Eugene, ORE 97440.* On the cover of the NATIONAL ENQUIRER, we learn "The Real Truth About Brooke Shields." She has a zit on her left cheek! Not just a big Barbie doll at all, but a live human just like us! Speaking of zits, Clark Dissmeyer has written the second issue of TWO-CYSTED TALES 2. Hilarious zit gags illustrated by Par Holman. 50¢/stamp from CW. Holman did the back panel for Grass Green's WEIRD JOHNS (also 50¢/stamp from CW). Grass has a lot of new minis including THE GRASS GREEN THESIS ON SEX and CARDBOARD COMIX 2. Send Grass a buck and he'll send you a couple minis and his list. POB 10083, Fort Wayne, IND 46850.* Elayne Wechsler and I have been corresponding and she asked me what it was like in Haight-Ashbury in 1968. The answer covered two pages which are printed in the latest issue of Wechsler's INSIDE JOKE. 40¢/stamp



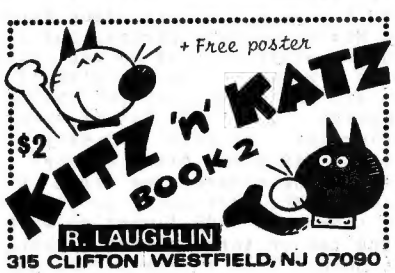
COMIX WORLD vs COMICS WORLD

The conflict between Clay Geerdes' COMIX WORLD and STARLOG'S COMICS WORLD has been resolved. STARLOG's new general interest magazine will be titled COMICS SCENE. The first issue is now on sale. I want to thank those of you who took the time to write letters to STARLOG and to express particular thanks to Howard Cruse, Robert Greenberger, and Bruce Sweeney, all of whom were instrumental in effecting the name change. The correspondence generated by this controversy has taught me a lot. I learned I had friends I did not know I had, people who appreciate the intent of what I have been doing for the past decade. At the same time, I learned who didn't give a damn. It's always nice to have the air clear.

-Clay Geerdes 11/7/81

I have to say I don't think highly of those t-v Charlie Brown specials. I find them highly negative for children, particularly for girls. The last one (YOU'LL NEVER FIND HER, CHARLIE BROWN) made the hackneyed point that Charlie Brown is never going to win and underscored the negative by teaching young girls they are losers if they don't look like Barbie. Who needs shit like that?** Dennis Schultz has a cute mini out, PLAYFROG and its a dime and a stamp from 1040 Aurora, St. Paul, MN 55104.* You can get the COMPLETE ROCKET SQUAD from Matt Feazell for $1 or (he trades) your comic. 2886 James Ave. S., #202, Mpls, MN 55408.* Now's the time to give yours friends a present they can't get anywhere else! 50 assorted COMIX WORLD MINI COMIX. $20 pp. Give a gift sub. 100 minis--$35.00 C.G.

LATEST MINI — 50¢/STAMP FROM CW.



Berkeley Barb Founder Max Scherr

Max Scherr, founding publisher of the Berkeley Barb and one of the most controversial figures in the East Bay counterculture, died of cancer at his Berkeley home on Saturday. He was 65.

Mr. Scherr's publication, the best known of the country's underground newspapers that flourished in the late 1960s, was a curious mixture of radical rhetoric and blatant sex advertisements.

The New Left admired his politics but despised the soft-core pornography of his weekly tabloid. His own staff, ill-paid by most standards, often squabbled with their publisher and condemned him as a "capitalist bloodsucker."

Born in Baltimore and educated as a lawyer, Scherr came to Berkeley after World War II and worked for a firm of legal textbook publishers.

He was then married to a former medical student, Juana Estella Scherr, with whom he had lived for several years in Mexico City. He and his wife, from whom he later separated, had four children, three of whom survive.

After years of poverty and forays into radical politics, Scherr first came to local prominence in 1958 with his bar, the Steppenwolf, a wine and beer hangout on San Pablo Avenue for the bohemians and beatniks of the period.

Scherr was still tending bar there when he laid out the first issue of the Barb on his kitchen table in 1965. For months he hawked smudged issues in student coffee houses and cafeterias on Telegraph Avenue at 10 cents a copy.

"It was so ugly that no one else would help," he told a Chronicle interviewer years later.

But in its heyday in the late 1960s, Scherr claimed the Barb was selling 90,000 copies a week and was worth $1 million.

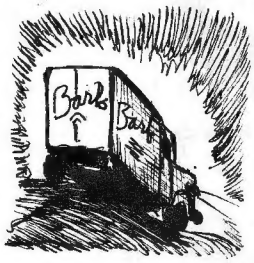
At its best, the Barb was a weekly radical guide to anti-Vietnam War activism, social utopianism, the campus revolt, drugs and the sexual revolution. But the paper offended the women's movement because of its exploitative sex ads.

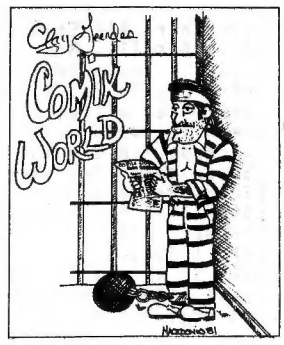
MAX SCHERR
Ex-publisher died at 65

Scherr had a serious heart attack in 1970 and gave up the Barb in 1973. Under new management, the paper split in two in 1978, with the Barb concentrating entirely on politics and the sex ads going into a separate paper called the Spectator. The Barb itself died quietly in 1980, after years of dwindling sales and influence.

Scherr never divorced his wife, but in 1959 he moved in with a 21-year-old political science major, Jane Peters, by whom he had two children. Their 12-year union became the subject of a rancorous "palimony" lawsuit in 1975, which was settled out of court.

Scherr is survived by his five children and two grandchildren. Friends said yesterday there would be no memorial service. Plans are for Scherr's ashes to be buried in Mexico.





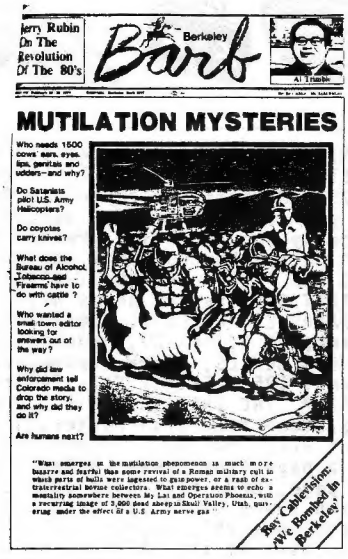
Rather the *Barb*'s relationship to the amorphous New Left radicalism, antiwar, antiracist actions that are the Movement has been similar to the role that Scherr played as bartender at Steppenwolf—within the circle, but not quite a part of it; ready with his services, but never quite sure that he would be accepted in another role. "We had a kind of symbiotic relationship. We gave the news to the community. The community saw itself reflected in the paper and went out to act in the way it was encouraged to act by seeing that it had done something of substance. That's what a newspaper does. It gives a person a chance to see what he has done, to see how it looks to other people. In this, we have been effective in an eclectic way. In fact, some guys tell me we've been a revolutionary paper, a paper that gave people a chance to open up their own minds to ideas that are revolutionary and maybe do revolutionary things."

During the historic Oakland draft-board demonstration of October 1965, Scherr ran backward along the line of march from Berkeley to Oakland, selling the *Barb* and shouting: "Read the *Barb;* it's a pleasure not a duty." That slogan encapsulated the formula that allowed the *Barb* to reach, by early 1969, a circulation of 90,000 with a forty-man staff and an army of up to five hundred street sellers. Learning about New Left politics by reading the *Barb* was no more tedious than learning about anthropology by looking at pictures in the *National Geographic.*

From Laurence Leamer's PAPER REVOLUTIONARIES. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1972.

FREE STUDENT NEWS ..... back page
Protestors Injured SEE BELOW
10c
TRAIN PROTESTS GREATEST SINCE 1916
Berkeley Barb
Vol. 1 No. 1 Friday Aug. 13 Berkeley, Calif.
PEACE ACTION
GI'S CHEER; TRAINMEN JEER
JAIL TODAY FOR 5 SMEARS
SIX DEFENDANTS
CHOKE JAIL today rather than pay appeal bail. They were Jack Weinberg, 120 days; David Gelner, 60; Nicholas Zreginbow, James Levinson, Anita Lerman 25 days each, and Dusbar Aitken 15 days.
WHAT ABOUT THE CITIZEN?
AUGUST 12 — BLACK DAY FOR BERKELEY
Thursday, August 12, 1965 ---- a day of brutality in Berkeley. Some of it was subtle and some was gross, but it all happens a growing epidemic in American life.
The Vietnam Day Committee said this morning that it notified the Santa Fe RR, the City of Berkeley, and the Army of its intentions to demonstrate. It did not warn them with responsibility for today's injuries. It left the lying stunned 5 inches from the rail. friend pulled her to safety at the last instant.
5. Paralysis of Berkeley's City Council combined to the fate of the real elements of the crisis. This is pulled by inaction, a subtle form of brutality now central to American life.
6. The people of Berkeley and the rest of the country are generally sad and deeply ignorant concerning the issues in Vietnam in which the U.S. is all above.
Today is merry day, not just this August 13th, and politically it is far more than anything else that has happened in Berkeley for years.
7. The quality of the American war in Vietnam rubbed off on Berkeley. The Vietnam War is beyond brutality. It is obscenity. It is the insane and direct cause of the death events at the Santa Fe tracks today.
"MEAT AFE RAILWAY ENGINEERS"
AUTOMATONS OF HUMAN BEINGS?
Workers from trains are due in Berkeley next week. Suppose a thousand or more of the Berkeleyans who do have troubles' feelings. Have a first hand look? Perhaps they will find some of their comfortable liberalism dislodged forever, to be replaced by feelings of outrage.
What would they say on hearing the GI on today's train who, in fact, thrusted through the glass: "Stop the train! Stop the train!"
What does the cry of this prisoner tell us? — E.S.
PAGE OF TONKINESAN WHO NEED? 826, 500 VIET WAR CONTRACTS ***See inside pages for INTERVIEW

THE FIRST BARB AUG. 13. 1965.


Jerry Rubin On The Revolution Of The 80's
Berkeley Barb
Al Hubbard
MUTILATION MYSTERIES
Who needs 1500 cows ears, eyes, lips, genitals and udders—and why?
Do Satanists pilot U.S. Army Helicopters?
Do coyotes carry knives?
What does the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms have to do with cattle ?
Who wanted a small town editor looking for answers out of the way?
Why did law enforcement tell Colorado media to drop the story, and why did they do it?
Are humans next?
Ray Cobblestone: We Bombed In Berkeley

SPAIN ART

#529 1976

GOODBYE, MAX. The last time I saw Max Scherr was at one of Margo St. James' COYOTE Balls. He was making a film about hookers at the time. We had a few words and I asked him how his book was coming. He would never let anyone interview him for a time there because he always intended to tell his own story and publish it. I don't know what happened to that project. It may be in a desk drawer somewhere along with many others. The first time I saw Max he was selling copies of the BARB near the spot where the Free Speech Movement kicked off in Sproul Plaza at the University of California in Berkeley. He was wearing an old shirt and a pair of baggy pants, a small man with a lot of bushy beard and dark eyes. I think I took a picture of him, but I haven't been able to find the negative anywhere. Not surprising. A lot of water has gone under the bridge since those days and I've moved more than once. People bought the BARB. It was an ugly piece of shit, unprofessional as hell, cheap, a ten cent eight pager, but it had something the campus paper didn't have, a unique style. The writing was colloquial, personal. People read the BARB to find out what they were doing and saying. They read the EXAMINER to find out what the bureaucracies were saying was happening. Max locked into two things that were destined to make his paper a success, the student movement and the protest movement, the war against expanding bureaucracy and the war against corporate expansion. BARB was written by people who prowled the streets and campuses. Many of them had horrible grammar, but they had the real stories. While the straight reporters got their information from police records and wire services, BARB reporters talked to the victims. I never wrote for the BARB in those days. I started writing short pieces for the L. A. FREE PRESS in 1968, a few years after the BARB started, and Max saw that those pieces were about Berkeley and Haight-Ashbury so he cut them out and re-ran them in BARB. Both papers belonged to the Underground Press Syndicate which gave all member papers unlimited reprint rights. This was a boon to the publishers who made money, but a disservice to the writers and artists and photographers who got little if anything for their work. The idea at the time was that we were all doing our thing for the sake of doing it, to contribute our writing and photos to the community, but we found out that the publishers were not into that concept as much as we were. So there were times when I was peeved at Max for lifting my FREEP articles. We met at a Magic Theater party (when the theater was on Shattuck Avenue circa 1973) and he asked me why I never wrote for him. I said well, I don't write that much and I have a deal with Jack Burgess at FREEP; thing is, I liked Max a lot as a person, but I just didn't like his attitude toward writers, that he was doing them a favor by publishing them in his paper. He saw himself as a kindly old teacher, helping apprentice writers get their start, but we began to see him making a hell of a lot of money from general sex and massage parlor ads. It wasn't an easy conflict to deal with. Around 1972, Max hired Jim Schrieber to edit the BARB. I had met Jim when he covered the first UG COMIX CON (April 1973) for TIME MAGAZINE. His story got the ax, but we got along and when he took over BARB I went to work for him as a regular writer, doing two or three pieces a week. BARB died last year. Now Max is gone. I'll remember him. —C.G.